The New Unity

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Established 1878. Chicago, August 1, 1895. New Series, Vol. 1, No. 22.

Barber & J D & 1 96
502 Chestnut st

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

God sends his teachers into every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—Lowell.

IF we are to take his own words, John Calvin Learned still lives and works with us; and so in this memorial number dedicated to James Edward Oliver, a teacher who has more recently passed from our sight, we avail ourselves in the next two notes of the living words of Mr. Learned to give strength and beauty to our memorial to the true-hearted teacher who has followed him into the shadow.

As though the influence a man leaves in the world and on society had no part or lot —no connection with his personality! No. A man's influence does not go beyond his proper self. It is *his* influence, it is *he*, wherever you find it. It is personal wherever it testifies of the power of his mind and soul. Wherever his wisdom carries light, wherever his fidelity keeps others faithful, or his goodness blesses the world, there lives the man.

ONLY as the liberal church can proclaim freedom to those bound in errors of creed and rite and life; only as it can lead men out into the full and joyous exercise of reason; only as it is quick to see and bold to declare the highest religious truth of the times,—a veritable pioneer, still, in theological thought,—can it minister to those who most need it, can it hold those drawn to it by professions of liberty and sincerity.

THE Western Sunday School Society holds its annual institute at Tower Hill from August 4th to 16th. This society, though small in resources and membership, has done some epoch-making work in its brief life. It was the first to issue a service book based on the bibles of the world and the natural religious instincts of humanity. Mr. Blake's "Unity Services and Songs" took the most devout and inspiring utterances of the world's literature, wherever found, and made a series of noble services of them. This society was also the first to study religion on a natural growth of the human soul to be found in all times and all lands, as well as in Jewish history, and it planned the great Six Years' Course which has now reached its last year. But not content with these achievements, it is now undertaking a new and still more important work, in putting forth its series of Nature Studies for the youngest pupils of our Sunday schools. We have learned so much about nature now that the safest, the most interesting and the most inspiring lessons in religion for our little ones can be drawn from that inexhaustible store-house.

The Power of Goodness.

JAMES EDWARD OLIVER.

It is the growing habit of journalists to assume that the proper reading for the resting time should be drawn from the realm of fiction. Fancy, wit and humor are supposed to be the best remedies for tired brains and overstrained nerves; so publishers weigh down the mail and express with what they call "light reading." Picture and story intended to awaken passing emotions and to while away idle moments, are found in hammock and grip sack, so that much rest-seeking breeds weariness from its sheer inanity. Great realities are the best ministers of peace. High truths have a curative virtue. They are sedatives of mind. Noble thinking restores the poise of overstrained nerves, and high living is a balm to distracted hearts. The great Herder gave a great prescription for rest seekers, when, on his dying bed, he said: "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it." In simpler phrase Lute Taylor, one of the humbler poets, loved and lamented in Wisconsin, said, under the same shadow, "Read me something, something that has got meat in it, something from Paul."

Indolence seldom brings reconstruction. Congenial activity for mind and body are necessary to restore strength and poise. Pleasure is a coy maiden and is most successfully wooed by indirection. Great weariness and still greater dreariness is the lot of the professional pleasure-seeker. The fun hunter and the fun maker is the burden of many a "summer resort" that otherwise would be all sanitary. The punster with his inopportune beneficent purpose to "make things lively" unintentionally mars the devotions at nature's altar and becomes a blot on the holy landscape.

Some such considerations as these have led us to devote our midsummer number of THE NEW UNITY to an illustration of the higher calm which ought to be the guest of the vacation time. These pages are sent to lake shore and mountain side not in honor of Professor Oliver, who needs none of our pages, and indeed his characteristic modesty led his friends long to hesitate over the fitness of it. We seek rather to do service to the living than to pay formal tribute to the dead. We send these words out to the young men and women, the boys and girls we may find, hoping it will stimulate within them, not a thirst for eminence, which is possible to but few, but the thirst for excellence which is within reach of all. We print these love testimonies from many of Prof. Oliver's associates, not because of his ability as a mathematician, but because in him the love of numbers was one with the love of virtue. In him the multiplication table was in league with the Golden Rule, and the mysteries of the calculus were the mysteries of God. We offer these testimonies as one illustration of a truth often urged in these pages, that science in its highest reaches is always ethical and that the scientific man in his fullness is essentially devout. He was a non-clerical priest

of natural religion; the student of the divine order, he becomes of necessity the prophet of law, who again is *ex officio* the administrator of justice, a judge of the supreme court that adjudicates the high issues of society, the permanent interests of the state.

These testimonies are self-interpreting and are but a few of the many we might have obtained. Many more would have been glad to have used this single-minded life as an illustration of manhood and as an appeal to youth. Most of the testimonies have been given direct to THE NEW UNITY in response to an invitation from the managing editor. We reprint the most of Mr. Gannett's editorial word at the time of his death for manifest fitness. A few of his own words we have caught. Some of them his contributions to the pages of this paper. One of them his own interpretation of the law of sacrifice at a time when such an interpretation was sore needed. His words concerning the valiant youth who fell at Shiloh, many will apply at this time to his own life.

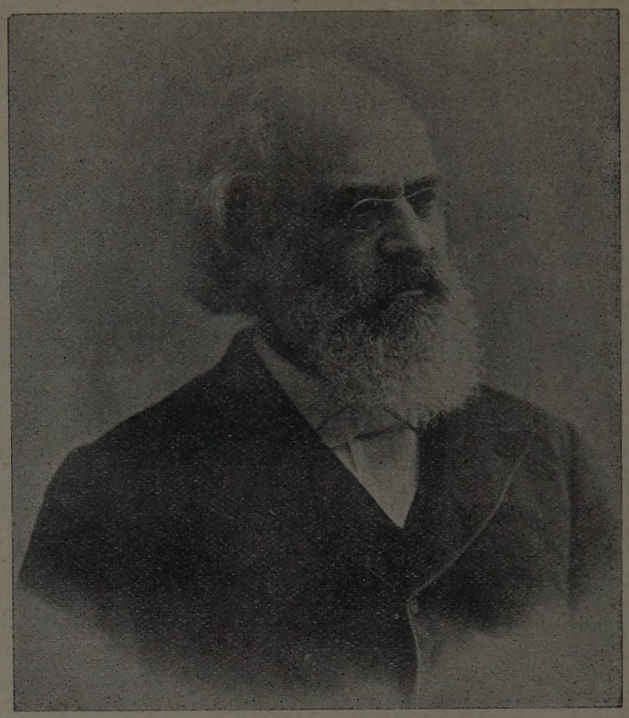
The present writer desires to add his testimony to the stalwart friendship of this man whose acquaintance he made through and by UNITY. He gave to it of his counsel and his substance. In darkest days of strain and struggle he gave to it the cheer of a seer. He upheld it not in the spirit of a partisan, but with the poise of a philosopher. He was ever a consistent advocate of universal religion, which included sympathetic appreciation of all religions. Ever true to mental freedom, his sympathies went out to the Liberal League when it stood for secularization of government, with the Western Unitarian Conference when it would make character the only test of religious fellowship, and, lastly, with the Liberal Congress when it sought to unite under the great law and life of love the various religious forces that seek the elevation of humanity.

We desire to express our indebtedness to Mrs. Oliver and Rev. J. M. Scott, the wife and the trusted pastor of our friend, through whose kindly offices this midsummer memorial to goodness is made possible.

There comes to our mind the pleasant memories of our last Sunday at Cornell. Three sermons had been delivered. Good Prof. Oliver had directed the preachers' movements, at his table he had sat, the goodbyes had been said on the beautiful campus in the pale light of the moon, when a few moments later quick steps were heard and the genial heart had overtaken his guest; the kindly afterthought made him uneasy and he came to say some pleasant things of the discourses of the day which he feared he had not already spoken.

With this illustration of the kindly heart, we ask our readers to take this witness to the power of simple goodness as our contribution to their vacation reading, and ask them to pass it along to as many young men and women who are girding themselves for life's work as may be possible.

Testimonials of Love and Appreciation from the Friends of



JAMES EDWARD OLIVER.

Professor of Mathematics in Cornell University.

Born July 27, 1829. Died March 27, 1895.

In Memoriam

James Edward Oliver.

Of such is the kingdom of God. . . . Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.—Luke XVIII., 16-17.

A church has something of the grace and beauty of a home. It is a fellowship in and search after the truth; it is a fellowship of human hearts engaged upon great themes, thinking about great life and high duties. It is a heart-place. Its holiness is in its human faces shining forth the in-dwelling divine love. This is why it ought to keep its own memorials, as the home does. All these who have been a part of us and gone away from us, ought to have their place of memory in the church, their eulogy from the loving, generous heart, seeming, perhaps, to be extravagance to the indifferent heart that, looking on from without, did not love, and so could not know as we.

As the home, in which love dwells with any richness at all, has its present sainthoods, pathetic with hallowedness when framed in the shadows of death, so should the church have its holy times of keeping memories of its holy ones; not holy in any sense of absolute perfection, but holy because of the nobleness they awaken within us, of the high glimpses of ideal humanity sometimes vouchsafed unto us through them.

For these reasons it seems fitting for our little church to have its own memory-hour for that dear man who so loved us and gave himself unto us through all these years. He was certainly a very sweet embodiment of modern sainthood. In associating him with our highest life, as leader in it, there is no jar, but a noble concord of fitness. This church was one of his heart-places, therefore one of his homes. He did so much and was so much in making it a heart-place, and so a home-place, for us all! Sweet to us as the violets was his spirit always. Cheering as first bird choruses was his heart in genuine interest in the success of everything that was a part of our church life. Hearty and kindly as a little child was his enthusiasm to have everything and every one appreciated. When some time we see his dear face pictured in some fitting abiding memorial to beautify and inspire the place of our worship, I think we all will feel that it is a thing in keeping with every loving nobleness a church ought to be.

One thing which perhaps impressed us all was his childlikeness, so many of us have thought of this as one of his graces. To me he was a perpetual illustration of what Jesus meant by the kingdom of heaven being childlike. He helps us think that there is some very great meaning in Swedenborg's celestial angels always growing younger, just an everlasting beauty of childhood, and this because they are so wise, so good. Wisdom and goodness are only beautiful when they are one in a human character and life, just as the light and heat made one in the lily dreaming purple for the eye of Jesus. And this is just the perpetual childhood which God's love begetting us must mean. It is not the innocence of ignorance, but the innocence of wisdom,—a goodness that is achieved through much thinking and experiencing, our greatest love and wisdom blending to fashion it. This is only hinted

at in a little child, taking our hearts in its beauty. We must find it at its highest in men and women who have loved much and thought much and lived much. Sometimes we foolishly think that what we call learning and greatness is just a mass of selfish accumulation, a gathering together of a great lot of facts, unvital, ununified, and so simply the heart's impeding baggage.

The man whose great learning and vast thought is contributor unto his being a good, a true, and a beautiful man, shows us the divine meaning of the world in ourselves, teaches us unto what the divine heart is working, through all the mysteries of creation, for a blossom and a fruit. Professor Oliver in mastering the highest things of his mathematics was not greater, nor in touch with the greater part of God's universe, than when, with a child's beautiful love in his heart, he sat in our social meetings, and so quickly and cheerily applauded every one who attempted to contribute something for the brightness of the hour, eagerly wishing that no one might go unappreciated. So it is that he gives richer meaning to our idea of childhood, helps us to realize that our own child-heartedness may keep always with us the dew and freshness of our morning. Not this lamentation of a sweet, broken spirit could he take up, but the life that lies opposite this darkness was sweetly and naturally his.

"This sweet child that hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty, troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so,
You hurt me, though you do not hear me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith:
I, who with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forevermore
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

"There is no little child within me now
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! Alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O, moaning life, with life unreconciled;
O, backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears!
For us there is not any silvery sound
Of rythmic wonders springing from the ground.

"Woe, worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain:
Woe, worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except necessity,
What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for you!
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once."

Kindness seemed as native to him as sweetness in the ripened grape. It was with him no conventional habit of the life; speaking or doing, it was a spontaneous grace of the heart. It might be lacking in some of the external elegancies. Its charm was its naturalness, its perfect genuineness, as genuine as the seasons that mellow out the fruits. Kindness is one of the divinest things we know. It lies very near the great heart of God. It was a sublime truth, making the worth of the Bible, if everything else were lost, when the psalmist sang of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of God, and said of the Maker of us all that His mercy endureth forever. I think it is just the everlasting kindness that makes the grasses green, the flowers dreaming to their colors, the birds enchanting to their songs, and the little children become for our homes the holy gladnesses they are. When life is at its full, when every hour is joy, and every day is praise, we realize something of what the divine kindness is, of what it will be to live in it when we are at last perfected. Our friend and brother by his kindliness made God known to us, made life richer for us, and showed us how great life may be, in those little acts of kindness which sum up into a divine man, which God's own deepest heart must mean. We can keep many a dear festival of immortality to our friend, if we let him become to us an inspiration unto kindness, making us everywhere and always thoughtful for the joy of others, fearing to stain our hands with the blood of any murdered joy. Nay, something more than fear blessing our hearts, just the creative spirit that passions to make joy as God must passion to make flowers and birds and little children.

And yet the true kindness is no amiable weakness, careless of truth, careless of righteousness, careless of that severity which often in the long run may be the only kindness. A man may be weakly, selfishly kind, giving others their way, letting them have from him whatever pleasures they may wish to take, simply because that makes it easiest for him. It is a kind of Bohemian good-fellowship, and would as soon, perhaps sooner, loaf and laugh with you in unrighteousness, as be diligent and delighting with you in righteousness. This false idea of kindness confuses some people's thought of God, making him either a vindictive cruelty or an amiable weakness, in whose universe it does not make any difference as to how you live. It confuses some people's thought of love, making of love just a gentle emotion, robbing it of any manly vigor and awful severity. Not so is the kindness of the friend we think upon today. He saw God's love awful in righteousness, because in righteousness it was most tender, most kind. He saw God's love working out through laws which wisdom had fashioned for that love's expression,—those laws not to be violated without hurt, and, kept, always issuing into some great fullness of life, into some enrichment in joy. There was one thing diviner than kindness, without which kindness could not be truly kind, and that was truth, the loyalty to which was the life's holiest obligation, no matter what that loyalty might cost.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more!"

Truth is written into the nature of every flower, and so its gentleness becomes! Any disloyalty to that truth makes an impaired beauty. Truth must be written into the nature of every kindness. Any disloyalty to that truth makes an impaired kindness. When you hear the gentleness of the vireo, like whispered music in the trees, you know that its song is born of that skeleton hardness which makes vertebrate life higher than invertebrate. No one was more alive to this fact of kindness than he unto whom we keep this hour a memory. And so it was that for truth's sake he was often the defender of unpopular causes. He was one of truth's pioneers, searching for its large and diviner continents, although the cost, I doubt not, was many a sorrow; because those whose full love was precious unto him might misunderstand, might misrepresent him to their love, and from that love's fellowship cast him out. So, as underneath all the gentle growths of the springtime, making them possible, there is the solid rocky earth, so beneath all this gentle kindness of our friend was there the solid rocky foundation of conscience bravely loyal to the truth. I am sure that we recognize that the God of the rose is the God of the granite also, that because he is the God of the granite he can be the God of the rose. In his nature there was granite and rose, and the same God of loving kindness and tender mercy lived in them both, and made them not a jarring division but a concordant unity. If we may learn that kindness is divinest when making one with severity, that severity is divinest when making one with kindness, we shall get a little nearer to understanding "root, and all in all," the flower in the crannied wall, and so know "what God and man is," in all this seeming conflict of severity and kindness, which is everywhere present in the creation, and which so often confuses and hurts us.

But truth to him was not a thing fixed in the formulæ of man. However it was in the very nature of things, it could not be captured by creed, it could not be perfectly said in church rituals; nor could bibles hold it. It was a thing of life, therefore a thing of growth. However the past might enrich us with it, it was a thing of our present and our future. The unseen was full of it, and to bring it into the seen, that it may bless us, we must all be discoverers. Man is at life and growth in a living and growing universe; his ideas of truth must therefore always be growing with himself; it must have its new outlooks, its new statements, its ever unfolding enlargements. In so far as it was related to man's religious nature, it was a thing of life, must be known in the experience, in its own light seen to be true, the very vision making it the delighted in of the heart. What his early Quaker teaching called the "inner light" was to him always an abiding conviction,—that each man must be his own church and priest in these matters of the soul, that every man through his own nature has access to the God of love and truth, that in the realm of conscience the individual is supreme. His later Unitarian faith believed also in the truth of the inner light, but a great fearlessness widened his vision into what I might call a belief in the outer light. Not only through his own nature has every man direct access to the God of love and truth, but to the same God of love and truth there was access through every fact of creation, in every truth that is in the world apart from us, in every life that, outside of us, lives in the world; all true science being a true knowledge of God, God revealing himself in all his creation as a growing man is more and more able to understand it A fact was as sacred as a church, and the truth or life that fact enshrined as holy as any communion cup. To see a truth and delight in it, whether it be of the human life or that creation through which the human life moves, was worship and praise, most acceptable to the God of life and truth. To say out this vision of the truth was just service, the service that helps God in his making of men, that helps man in his knowledge of God, and in the life he ought to be living. Truth could never be a contradiction of any of its parts. When clearest seen it must always harmonize, and hold in its heart nothing but a final help. Therefore it was that he trusted the universe, and in that trust was ready to forsake the old and imperfect visions of it for the new in which it was more clearly seen. In all his search after truth, in his loyalty to that truth when found,

"How pure at heart and sound of head,
With what divine affections bold!"

Therefore it was that in religion he could

be no sectarian. While finding his own congenial church home, it was great enough to fellowship any truth, wherever found, any human goodness, wherever enshrined, or wherever busy at its deeds of service, any human love that spoke in any pulpit or was divine in any life. It was as large as humanity, and believed that God everywhere had witnesses of himself, that all men are his children and none of them forsaken of their father, however the shadows might darken them from humanity's perfect day. He could, with the great Greek Professor at Edinburgh, have heartily prayed even to the heathen saint Socrates,

> "From creeds that men believe because
> They fear a damnatory clause,
> Good Saint, deliver us.
> * * * * * *
> Let joy and faith and love increase
> And reason rule and wrangling cease,
> Good Saint, we pray thee."

While never abating one jot of loyalty to our little church, while loving it with an increasing love and devotion, and because he so loved and was loyal to it, he gave his name and interest to the formation of that forward movement in religion, called The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, whose center word is humanity, whose circumference words are knowledge, justice, love, reverence.

His religion was the religion of humanity. The essence of religious life as he saw it was just that brotherliness of the good Samaritan, helping the near need, attempting healing for the open wound, not speculating about God, not praying to him the idle prayer, but loving and serving him as we love and serve our brother with the wisest aud busiest life we can command. We might be uncertain about God; we could not doubt the worth and reality of humanity, beautiful in pure women and true men. We could not enrich God by giving unto Him nor impoverish by withholding from Him; but faithful to our full duty, we could enrich man; faithless in that duty, we do impoverish our brother, robbing him of some fullness of life. We cannot injure God but as we injure man; we cannot serve God but as we serve man; we cannot love God but as we love man; we cannot understand God but as we, in loving our brother, understand man. His religion, then, was the new one which puts man in the center of our concern, and through man finds and serves God,—new, and yet old as the disciple of Jesus who said, "If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?"

And yet his heart was full of worship, of that trusting and loving reverence which in the universal heart has blossomed into psalm and prayer and ritual form and sacred symbol. To a great, true hymn no heart more swiftly responded; to a loving, aspiring prayer, no heart gave a tenderer heed. Thoughts of God were to him high and holy thoughts, the inspirers of noble heart and noble character, the helpers into great and good life. To any setting forth of God as a divine human love, as a wise tenderness caring for all the children of his heart, somehow, though beyond our sight, turning evil into good, and gifting all with immortality at last,—his heart leaped up as a child's, when it "sings back to the thrushes, leaps up when June winds kiss it, or an apple bough laughs into blossom, or a buttercup plays with the sunshine, or a violet dances in the glad dew," or as when a child gives answering kisses to its mother, and for the very fullness of the joy, and that the love and joy are not full perfect, mingling with the laughter, the tears. A man of heart and a poet, however practical he might be, the spiritual in all things touched him deeply and gladly, and doubtless his prevailing mood we might truthfully have called worship. I think that that goodness, mellow like the ripened fruits, which so charmed all who knew him, was the result of his thought of the universe, of his idea of God, of the religiousness of his nature. His nature was essentially religious, spiritual, and that is why all his life had the charm of this kindness, of such beautiful unselfishness, why he so helped us, in Professor Corson's favorite word, to see the "eternal."

He could not have, therefore, any but the trustful heart. James Martineau's definition of trust is, "Belief in another's goodness on the inspiration of your own." So it was that upon the inspiration of his own goodness he believed life essentially good, man essentially divine, and the universe some realization of some everlasting love. He could not believe creation a failure; he could not judge it as a finished work; it must be that the everlasting love is yet at his tasks, and in his finished creation will justify all his ways unto men. He could not believe that man was fallen from goodness and eternally depraved. Of man he had the faith of Jesus, that at the deepest centers all men are the children of God, that to love them and to trust them and to do kindness unto them was to call forth into their conscious beings and lives that dear and holy childhood, was to make them good and true. He was too large-minded, too truth-loving and fair of spirit to dogmatize about these great questions. His attitude was that of trustfulness; and so in beautiful abundance he held himself toward the whole creation, in that trust which Tennyson has sung for us:

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life will be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made his pile complete;
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shriveled in a fruitless fire
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> Behold we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good will fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring."

It is not admiration for his intellectual greatness that moves us. It is the heart that is touched, he was such a realization of what the Christ-idea means—when embodied in a man and gracious in a life, such a beautiful incarnation of goodness, such a realization of those deathless qualities which, at its best, our human nature must always mean, that his memory moves among the regions of the heart, stirring up noble emotions and high thoughts, increasing our love for the beauty of goodness, allying itself with that spirit within us that we call worship, awaking within us its own generous trustfulness. It was the noblest heart within us that he first reached, that he fullest possessed, and will longest abide in. We trusted him because we loved him. We loved him because we trusted him; and so I am sure that, if we knew him out yonder living beyond the shadows of death, we would gladly entrust to him the little children who have gone from us, the weak and sinning ones no more with us on the earth, certain that he would honor our trust and do for each and all the utmost service, limited only by his goodness and wisdom. So it is that he helps us trust that beauty and goodness absolute which we call God and Father, out of whom our dear friend came, in whom he lived, in whom he is experiencing this mystery we call death. How beautiful must God be that he imagined Professor Oliver! How, therefore, we can love and trust the perfect fatherhood to whom this dear man was child! He seemed like a religion and an immortality, showing us the high possibilities of our own natures, revealing to us some of the secret beauty of God. It is therefore that we cannot think of him as dead, all of him ending in the grave's darkness. If so we thought, we would fear the universe a failure, creation a wrong, and truth and faithfulness a delusion; though were he still with us in the flesh, he would forbid us any such dark conclusion.

Such men as he, I think, help us toward the secret of God's creation. The evolution theory tells us that all the lines of creation converge into a man. Christianity teaches us that that inexpressible grace we call goodness is the ideal of man, is indeed the deepest nature of God, the "God manifested in the flesh,—full of grace and truth, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." Professor Oliver religionized all learning and life into goodness, into Christian character, into the Christ-spirit. It was not what he did but what he was, which constituted his greatness. There may be no great thing with which his name is to be immortally associated. The fame of his learning may soon fade. With the passing of our generation, his name may inherit forgetfulness. Instead of this being a cause for regret, it may be a cause for congratulation, if its lesson sinks deep into our hearts to lift into many a personal nobleness, as sunshine sinks into the heart of the sod to lift into violets. We too much associate human life with achievement,—how much money gathered together, how used? how much learning acquired, into what great books or inventions wrought? This was the great hurt in the world when Jesus came to it, the doers who did some unforgetable thing were at a premium; the be-ers at a discount. In consequence the faith in immortality was dim. The busy outward so claimed, and blew its wild storm-winds across, the inner greatness of the soul, that the still lakes of the spirit were made so unquiet that they could not reflect the skies and that dear love behind the skies that in them grows so human. In much the same condition we are today. The great thing with us is outer success, outer achievement. Our education works the same way, and to make a noise in the world seems to be the end of all existence.

> "How beautiful to see
> * * * * * *
> his clear grained human worth,
> And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
> * * * * * *
> His was no mountain-peak of mind,
> Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
> A sea-mark now, now lost to vapors blind;
> Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,
> Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
> Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars."

Right it is, to fill up our days with all brave and truthful doing, as opportunity may open about us. It is often through the great and deathless word or deed that we best communicate ourselves to others, some expression of the divine love and truth blessing the world. But, after all, the spiritual worth of the word or deed is in the man who

says or does. And while it is best achieved in a forgetfulness of ourselves which is busy in the thought and service of others, the end of creation, the purpose of a life in these fleeting earth conditions, is to attain unto human goodness, unto a Christ-like character, unto some divineness of being, even as the end of the summer, and all the diligences of the blossom, is just to make those seeds that will work themselves out in other rich blossoms as in the endless chain of existence they fulfil themselves. In Professor Corson's words:

It was as a man, unswervingly and spontaneously loyal to the good and the true, with a childlike simplicity of character, with a benevolent and beneficent spirit (all of which qualities everyone felt who came into any kind of relationship with him), that his influence was greatest and most benign. His *being* was the highest form of his teaching and educating power. Whatever his method as a teacher, in the ordinary pedagogic sense of the word method, his best method was himself, with his enthusiasm, his thoroughness, his painstaking, his considerateness, his perfect genuineness, his unvarying kindness and fairness. However important methods may be, it is the eternal in a teacher which makes the true educator.

This becoming in ourselves more and more human, more and more divine, is just the end and sum of our earthly existence, is just the worth of this world's life. That so long, and in such a sweet and enthusiastic devotion to our welfare, we as a church had this truth so graciously made flesh and dwelling among us, let us be truly grateful, and feel the divine call to become in every fullness like-minded.

Because he found so much of himself in this church, in what it aspired to be and do, representing his own great faith, being the organization of his religion, earnestly desiring to let its light shine, he loved us, and unto our success contributed so much, the greatest contribution of all being just himself. He was deeply interested in our success. He greatly loved us. He believed that in this great burden of our new church we would be successful in its bearing. He confidently expected that in growing numbers and a growing influence, in the doing of good and in spiritual enrichment, we had, if not a large, yet a noble and useful future. From his bed of sickness which proved to be his bed of translation, he sent to our last annual meeting this word: "Tell them I am proud of you all for what you have done; we'll win; perseverance in patient work will bring us the victory." And it was said in all his old cheery-heartedness, in his old and so graciously kind enthusiasm.

So we give to his memory our sincerest admiration; he summons ourselves to fulfil his faith in us, to become something more like his unselfish, kindly goodness. We send him today through that Divine Love in which we all—whether here on the evening side of the grave, or there on its morning side—live and move and have our being, our tenderest and truest love, hoping that somehow, somewhere, our tender greeting will be met and answered by his, with even a heartier and cheerier tenderness than that of ours which sighs off into the silent and the unseen.

Because we have had our own beloved ones in the home always sacreder than the church, we cannot, to the full with his home ones, say—

"Yet in these ears till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

But certain are we that he was one of the sweetest souls that ever looked with human eyes; and so it is that for us he is not dead but in old memories ever beautiful.

James Edward Oliver.

1829—1895.

Noblest among the sons of men he came
And went amongst us, and in thought or deed
Gave us no glimpse of sordid baseness, greed
Of wealth or power, or slavishness to Fame,
Though large on her white scroll she wrote his name.
In paths he walked where greatness hath no need
Of aught but kindness to be great, and feed
Its bread of life to halt and blind and lame.

I mind me of a glorious summer sun
That warmed the earth and made a perfect day,
And set in golden halo, and the sight
Was long a precious memory. But thou hast won
A power more lasting than the sunset ray,
To draw our souls toward the eternal light.

C. S. N.

THE DEAN AND FACULTY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones: I do not know of any better way of replying to your request than to forward a copy of the resolutions passed by the Faculty in regard to the death of Professor Oliver.

Very respectfully yours,
H. S. White.

The Faculty of Cornell University, desiring to show their appreciation of the character and services of their late colleague, Professor Oliver, have directed that the following expression of their sorrow and sympathy be incorporated in their records and be communicated to the family of their departed associate.

In the death of James Edward Oliver this faculty mourn the loss of a colleague endeared to them through many years of intimate association, by his warm friendliness, his frank and gentle nature, his patient conscientiousness, and his steadfast adherence to high standards of thought and conduct.

In him the body of students have lost a faithful and inspiring teacher and a devoted friend; and the cause of education is deprived of a liberal and earnest advocate and a thinker original and profound.

His memory will always be cherished as one who long bore a prominent part in the development of the University, and contributed greatly in matters of scholarship and administration to its progress and success.

April 19, 1895.

PROF. GEO. W. JONES, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

In Professor Oliver's presence one felt that he would not only have justice but sympathy; and in all right things, help. It is no disparagement to other gentlemen to say that of all the Cornell faculty he was best beloved.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

I remember that when Professor Oliver rose and began to speak at our first Faculty Meeting after his "Sabbatical Year" in Europe, one of my colleagues leaned toward me and whispered,—"Isn't it good to hear that voice again?" What was there in that voice which it was so good to hear again? Certainly, among the qualities in it which made it so pleasant and wholesome were sincerity, modesty, sympathy, self-forgetfulness, courage, justice,—finally, thoughtfulness, the thoughtfulness of an original, far-searching, subtle and enriching genius. But it is idle by any mere catalogue of its notes to try to reproduce "that voice," or to explain our sadness in having to think that we have lost the sound of it here once more, and that the end of no other "Sabbatical Year" will bring it back to us.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The character of Professor Oliver was so perfectly transparent and his action so free from obscure and ulterior motives, that men had little opportunity to differ in their estimates of him. He was always the same and the same to all. Long acquaintance was not necessary in order to understand him. His allegiances were all to truths and not to men. Hence he was a poor partisan. If his decisions lacked the dogmatic promptitude of the partisan, it was because he waited to find in the situation the principle which could dictate action. He had no delight in personalities. The rights of others were sacred to him. He was a stout champion of fair play, and a most sensitive judge of what it involved. It often happened that "practical" men, in whom the instinct of action overtopped that of fair play, found this sensitiveness of his an encumbrance to the "transaction of business." He did not gladly hear nor believe evil of men. Envy he was incapable of. His interpretation of the actions and opinions and beliefs of others was always pre-eminently charitable. In his search for the true he seldom kept to the turnpike roads. He depended little on memorized formulas or standard methods. He constructed both for himself as he went along. His religious thinking was aided little by the mythologies and the creeds. He had no more mind to these than he had to the standard formulas and mechanical processes of mathematics. Those who identify truth by the form of statement or the method of approach may have misunderstood him. That was not his fault. The substance of his faith was as simple and firm as that of a child,—and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

PROFESSOR E. W. HUFFCUT, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The charge is often made as a reproach to liberal Christianity that its adherents are unable to reconcile justice with love, and therefore dispense with justice. Professor Oliver was at least one striking example of the fact that the charge is not universally true. Never was there a man fuller of the milk of human kindness. Never was there a man with a more unbending sense of justice. How happily he reconciled the two, many a one who came under his influence could gratefully relate. His was no conventionalized justice, however, but a rationalized justice of which the dominant feature was the love of all mankind, with the culprit in the immediate foreground of the problem. Justice thus became a means to an end and not an end in itself. Professor Oliver was a rare example of "a just man."

PROF. SIMON H. GAGE, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

It was the writer's privilege to know Professor Oliver for twenty-two years, and for a part of that time to be a member of his family. He won affection by his simplicity and sympathy; and admiration, almost reverence, by the greatness of his moral, intellectual and spiritual power. He was at once ready to enter into the simplest human joy and the humblest human sorrow, or to accompany, on equal wing, the most glorious flights of the greatest minds that have blessed the earth.

His vision was so keen that he could see the blending of justice and mercy, two names for the same thing; and in apparent discord and disorder, real order and harmony. It was like listening to one inspired to hear him unfold the drama of the evolution of the universe, and at such times one

could hardly help feeling that intellect and spirit touched, and that it had been given to a few chosen ones like Professor Oliver, "to think over after Him the thoughts of God."

In a word, to me, Professor Oliver was the embodiment of sympathy, purity, justice, intellect and spirit, and he made those whom he touched feel the reality of the noblest conceptions of the human soul.

MR. WILLARD HENRY AUSTIN, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

I esteem it a great privilege to have known Professor Oliver as I did during the last six years of his life. Great as were his scholarly attainments, he was still greater because of his heart qualities. His was a character full of tenderness toward everyone. His highest purpose in life was to contribute something toward the uplifting of humanity. Surrounded as he was by young men, he was a never failing source of inspiration toward manliness. Essentially religious in his nature, he made one feel that religion was no mere formulary, but rather a deep, abiding, controlling principle. It is with pleasure that I write these words and a feeling of gratitude for the help toward nobler things which I received from him.

MR. C. A. DUNIWAY, CORNELL '92.

Professor Oliver's influence for good cannot be measured. None can tell the countless ways he impressed his own high standards of truth and loyalty upon the young men and women of Cornell. He was always helpful. Every student who knew him felt that here was a man of perfect sincerity. He was wonderfully discriminating in his judgment. He was truth itself in thought and deed. No wonder we all revered and loved him.

"THE CORNELL DAILY SUN."

The student's paper, the *Cornell Daily Sun*, of April 3, 1895, was largely devoted to Professor Oliver. From the warm tributes it contained, we extract the following:

If one must sum up in a single word Professor Oliver's personality and influence, that word is not hard to find. He was always and absolutely *fair*. His was no fairness of motive alone; he had the genius which sees things as they are. And this fairness—and herein lay the charm of his character—was tinged neither with severity nor with indifference. He was tender as he was just, helpful as he was couscientious. He had no love for debate, and under his mild words partisanship gave place, even in the fieriest heart, to the pure love of truth.

It was this perfect candor of judgment which gave his counsels their peculiar value to his colleagues. No cause could be so desperate, no culprit so discredited, that his conscience was not keen to see and prompt to point out any loophole of excuse, any claim to a more generous hearing. For what he could say nothing, there was nothing to say, and harsher natures might go forward secure.

His gentleness argued no want of courage. Whatever might be the hue and cry, he went straight forward in his own quiet way. In every field he was an independent. In politics his conscientiousness had long forbidden him—much to his own grief—to attend the primaries of either party, even though he might habitually act with one; he recognized a moral obligation, and he could not be bound. In religion he was, as he used himself to say, "by temperament and training a mystic," and it was easy for him to sympathize with the most diverse faiths; he could profoundly understand the yearning for miracle; but personally his reverence never obscured his reason. All his life the influence of Samuel Johnson, who had been his pastor in early manhood, lingered with him, and there was about his own rationalism the same flavor of poetic devotion.

In the same issue the editor wrote:

Every Cornellian whose good fortune it has ever been to come under Professor Oliver's instruction will always keep as a precious possession the inspiration which thrilled from him and will do his or her share in perpetuating the impulse toward broad, fearless, careful thinking which his life stood for. Everyone who has had the rare good fortune to be associated with him outside the class-room will carry the memory of a man whose sympathy was as broad and true as his intellectual grasp. All who put themselves under his instruction were amazed and inspired by the wealth of learning which they felt was behind all the patient endeavor to lead them to a point of broader outlook; all who knew the man that was in the teacher felt their amazement and admiration change into something akin to reverence and were uplifted thereby. And thus James Edward Oliver still lives in the hearts and lives and endeavor of those whose life his life has touched.

EXTRACT FROM THE ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PROF. FELIX ADLER BEFORE THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1895.

And before we close, let us give briefly, calmly, tranquilly, as is our wont, a thought to those whose task is done.

I mention to you first a man of public character and station, connected with the larger ethical movement, though not with this particular society—Professor James Edward Oliver, of Cornell University. He was the most active spirit in the Cornell Ethical Association, which was founded some years ago. And long before that, as early as 1874, he was one of a little band of professors and students that used to meet on Sunday mornings, before ever the Ethical Society in New York had been established, for purposes of ethical discussion, meditation and edification.

He was a singularly noble man. He was regarded as one of the most eminent mathematicians of America,—at the time of his death, I believe, the most eminent. He had the rare power of intricate and sustained thinking to such a degree that only the more gifted could follow him.

But greater than his mind was his heart. He was a perfectly childlike soul: a man of such innocence, of such spiritual rectitude, as I have never met again. He dealt with his friends on high plane,—the most gentle friend, and yet the most to be feared. I have rarely found anyone who was so invariably kind, and yet of whom his friends stood so much in awe: because he was so inexorably fair. He was the friend, not of their partialities or of their defects, but of what was best in them.

LETTER TO MRS. OLIVER, FROM THE PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

DEAR MRS. OLIVER:—I have just received the not unexpected, though none the less sad and grievous, news of your husband's passing away this morning. Though he taught us to look hopefully at death, I know it is impossible, when the eyes of affection are blinded with sorrow, to see and realize that we are all in the hands of our Heavenly Father—that Father in whom *he* believed and *he* served. A blameless and devoted life has gone from us! Your husband was my friend and I loved him. I admired the reach and sweep of his intellect, his high sense of honor and justice, the absolute integrity of his character, the guilelessness and simplicity of his nature, which always reminded me—genius though he was—of one of those little children of whom is "the kingdom of heaven."

I cannot now weigh the greatness of his loss to the University which his genius adorned. Professor Oliver ranked among the very first mathematicians of America. But at this time one thinks only of the broad-minded, noble, faithful man who always stood for the right, who served his generation by doing loyally the duty which lay at hand, and who endeared himself to his fellow-workers, young and old alike, by his patience, fidelity, and inexhaustible goodness of heart. His memory will always be green at Cornell. May his example be an inspiration to those of us who remain!

Very sincerely, your friend,
J. G. SCHURMAN.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

THE REVEREND JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Editor of THE NEW UNITY:

DEAR MR. JONES:—I comply with pleasure with your request of May 13th to send you a few words in regard to Professor Oliver, of Cornell University.

He was one of the sweetest spirits I ever knew. In matters of university policy he was discreet and wise. In the Faculty his judgment was very much respected. By all his colleagues he was sincerely beloved. There was not a tinge of bitterness or sourness in his nature; and in all his relations he was actuated by the highest and the most unselfish motives. In matters of university policy he could invariably be counted upon as favoring high standards and adequate attainments. He was one of those characters whose presence is a benediction, and whose life seems to elevate and sweeten all with whom it comes in contact. It was in appreciation of a spirit akin to his that the Psalmist uttered that great saying: "Thy gentleness hath made us great."

Very truly yours,
C. K. ADAMS.

HON. HORACE DAVIS, EX-PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Oliver was my room-mate for the last two years of my college course, and in the memory of that class relation, I have never met a simpler, purer, kinder soul.

After we separated he sometimes wrote to me, contrasting in his gentle way his plain life and modest achievements, in those days, with the more brilliant careers of others we had known; but his conclusion always was that we must try to do well what lies before us, each according to his powers, trusting to God for the fruit.

His heart was pure, his mind was free, and he worked out the problem of life for himself with singular earnestness, sincerity and unselfishness.

PROF. HENRY T. EDDY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

The departure of our dear friend Professor Oliver makes the next world brighter for each of us. Such was his friendliness, his hospitality of spirit for truth of every kind, his sympathy and appreciation for all that is worthy and noble, and his special insight into the marvels of the universe, as to make him one of the rare and gifted spirits of the world.

We venerate him as sage for the extent of his knowledge of all that is best worth knowing; but more than all he is dear to us for the loveliness and transparent sincerity of his character,—at once childlike, genial, reverent and so careless of fame as to be singular.

RROF. FABIAN FRANKLIN, OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

My intercourse with Professor Oliver was very limited in actual duration, but from the moment of my first meeting with him, in the Cornell library, I felt that it was one of the privileges of life to know him. It is rare indeed to find such sweetness and simplicity of character combined with such intellectual ardor and keenness. It is from men like him that these influences emanate which make our institutions for the higher education best worth cherishing.

PROF. ARTHUR S. HATHAWAY, OF ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

As one among the many who owe much to Professor Oliver's instruction and friendship, and the inspiration that his life and character afford, I feel that such a tribute to his memory as you propose is eminently fitting. I have hardly the words to express my own indebtedness to him. His high ideals, his true and loveable character, and the modesty of his genius have had great influence upon my own life, and have aroused love and reverence for him such as all must feel who have come to know him intimately. It is rare that so much power and genius as he possessed is associated with so much modesty and unselfishness of spirit. His diffidence in respect to his own intellectual work has caused much the best of it never to be published. But those of us who have known him as teacher and friend, do not need to read published papers, as evidences of his genius. We know it, we have lived in the atmosphere of it, and the inspiration of it has not been less to us because it failed to find expression in numerous published works. Had his genius and his modesty been less his publications would have been greater and as valuable; but there would have been taken from him that indefineable charm and spirit that so endears him to us as a man of noble and unselfish character.

REV. D. W. MOREHOUSE, GENERAL SECRETARY NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

In my frequent visits to Ithaca, I often had the happy privilege of meeting Prof. Oliver in his own home and in connection with the work of the Unitarian church and Sunday School, in both of which he was a faithful worker. My admiration and love for the man steadily increased with my acquaintance with him. With great intellectual power and the highest manliness of character, he always seemed to me to combine the simplicity, frankness and guilelessness of a child's heart. I think I never knew a man in whom the spirit of Jesus was more fully incarnated. What a pleasure it was to meet this man whose self-forgetfulness was so complete, whose cheerfulness always showed in face and voice! His optimism, too, was contagious, for he always looked for good everywhere and inspired those with whom he came in contact to come up to his own high ideal of life and conduct. He placed no creedal limits to his intellectual and religious sympathies, but recognized a kindred spirit in every honest seeker after truth and light. A rare man, scholar and friend has gone from our midst, and our best consolation as we think of him is in the conviction that

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

REV. JOHN W. DAY, OF HINGHAM, MASS.

Professor Oliver's character was remarkable for ingeniousness, for intellectual consistency, for warmth of feeling and breadth of sympathy, and for pure unselfishness. His genius as a mathematician gave him his vigorous mode of thought; his genius for affection gave him his charity. The strict honesty which made him avoid any creed was joined with the spiritual life which united him in the closest way with the purpose and work of the Christian church. His intellectual opinion of the Eucharist, as he always called it, did not cause him to oppose its observance in the Unitarian Church. As the service was there conducted he joined in it and expressed warm sympathy. He was himself a Eucharist—a blessing, a living thanksgiving, a man whose sacrifices for the cause he loved were the entire service of his mind and heart, the unstinted devotion of his means.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT, MINISTER OF THE ROCHESTER, N. Y., UNITARIAN CHURCH.

His mind's range lay among the formulas of time and space, those laws of relation of which the mechanics of the crystal and the heavens are but applications and embodiments. Prof. Benjamin Peirce called him even in his youth one of America's ablest students of those higher mathematics; for years and years he taught them at Cornell, and to the very end in his last delirium he still was prattling formulas and solving problems with a class. But this power of mind went with such simplicity of character that it was an open-minded child rather than a learned professor that one met in meeting him. What matter if we could not keep him company amid the mysteries of the "fourth dimension,"—he would keep us company loyally and lovingly on planes of concrete interest. A *real* man through and through, and well beloved of the students, therefore; but so *quaintly* real that he was a natural lay figure for their joking stories. That will be all the better for his memory at Ithaca. Kindliness took the place of etiquette in him; he wore no disguises and his manner took them off of others. Sincerity with gentleness,—a Quaker to the core His heart was ready to give a welcome at his door or to give unflinching, time-taking effort for that which he believed was the right. A thinker always for himself, reasoning out his own paths in philosophy and ethics, and delighting in a high discussion. So if one had him for an ally in thought or faith or aim or "cause," it was a solid re-enforcement. At the time when few Unitarians in the east seemed to have a mind to understand "the issue in the west," and fewer still seemed young enough to speak for liberty, there was more cheer than he knew in what he wrote and printed for us. His faith in free thought was perfect; it was part of his religiousness. He was a broadly, deeply, actively religious man.

Prof. Oliver's Unique Work.

The two letters which follow, the one from T. N. Carver, Ph.D., Professor of Economics at Oberlin College, and the other from a committee of Professor Oliver's more recent students —with which we have been favored by the kindness of Professor Jenks, the head of the department of Economics at Cornell,—show the estimation in which the work of this loveable man and distinguished mathematician in a new field, was held:

DEAR PROFESSOR JENKS:

I gladly comply with your request for some of my ideas concerning Professor Oliver's Seminary in Economics. You are quite right in thinking that I estimated the value of that course very highly.

I joined Professor Oliver's seminary immediately after entering Cornell University in the fall of 1873. I believe this was when the seminary was first organized and I was one of his first class in that line of work. The whole field was somewhat new, little had as yet been done in it by any one, and the students in the seminary were at first somewhat at a loss to know what the work was going to be like. Professor Oliver himself seemed to feel that he was entering new and unexplored territory. One of the first things that impressed me was the buoyancy and enthusiasm with which he entered upon the work. He seemed to derive an intense pleasure from the severest mental exercise. I shall not soon forget the eagerness with which he took up the most difficult and complicated problems which the subject suggested and the intellectual courage with which he followed out these problems through all their intricacies. I think the influence of his enthusiasm and intellectual courage upon myself was quite sufficient to repay me for the time and work of the seminary, even if there had been no other results.

But while he had so keen a relish for intellectual exercise, he had no notion of wasting energy fruitlessly, or merely for the sake of the exercise. I remember that we began by studying pretty carefully the works of Irving Fisher, Von Thuenen, Edgeworth and others of that class. But after a careful study, Professor Oliver pronounced very emphatically the opinion that these writers added nothing to economics by their complicated formulæ, except the formulæ themselves. After comparing them with the simpler formulæ of Jevons, Clark and Marshall, he declared that the latter contained all that could be expressed by the former, and were more simple and comprehensible, and fully as exact. I remember also that, as a member of the seminary, I was much relieved by this decision. It had seemed to me that the complicated formulæ of the first class of writers were valuable chiefly as showing what might be done in the way of mathematical illustration, rather than for any clearness or conciseness which they gave to the science. But I did not like to pronounce hastily my opinion, lest it should prove to be that the difficulty was in my own lack of mathematical insight. But Professor Oliver's decision convinced me that this was not the only trouble.

The definite results of the course were not very numerous. We gained a good idea of the field to be explored. We had it impressed upon us that economics dealt with quantities and forces, and that therefore mathematics was applicable to its study. Perhaps the most definite and valuable result of the course, from the scientific standpoint, was a theory, partially elaborated, of the relation between the theory of probabilities and economic laws. I presume you do not care to have that explained here, especially as Professor Oliver doubtless had it among some of his papers.

I remember that Professor Oliver, in expressing his own estimate of the value of the work, said several times that, though the results of our investigations were not very numerous for any one year, yet it was work that would be cumulative. He expressed confidence that in the course of a few years the seminary would make valuable contributions to economic science. I felt the same confidence, and the loss to science which his death entails adds materially

to the deep personal sorrow which I feel at the loss of so good a man.

Sincerely yours,
T. N. Carver.

Dear Professor Jenks:

Before separating for the summer vacation, we wish, as members of the Seminary in Mathematical Economics conducted by Prof. James E. Oliver, to express our sense of the value of that teacher's inspiration and investigation in this somewhat unique field. The course was based, in a general way, on Stanley Jevons's "Political Economy,"—a work which contained much that was in close sympathy with Prof. Oliver's standpoint,—but the development of the ideas there brought out was strikingly original and extremely suggestive. From a scientific point of view, the most valuable feature of the course must be found in the attempt to express by mathematical signs and symbols the economic laws which the world has come to believe in. Another and not less striking feature was the attempt to apply the Theory of Probabilities to various economic courses of action.

This work was well fitted to bring into exercise all of those qualities which have so endeared Prof. Oliver's memory as a man and a teacher. His singularly sweet and unselfish disposition, his genial personality, his broad understanding, his scientific enthusiasm,—all of these have been commented upon frequently. It is but fitting that some expression, however inadequate, should be given to his services as a pioneer in a field apart from his main work, none the less fruitful because of the apparent lack of subject-matter, and of high scientific importance, in that it broadens the scope of mathematics by entering into the field of motive, and renders economics more useful by making it more exact.

Very sincerely yours,
Joseph Allen,
Jesse T. Orton,
F. S. Edmonds.

Cornell University.

Prof. Oliver's Own Words.

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN DURING THE WAR ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND AT SHILOH.

Many and many a time since he fell at Shiloh, has the old line run through my mind: "*Dulce et decere est pro patria mori*", and I incline more and more to feel that it is not wealth nor éclat nor happiness nor long life which is most desirable, but rather this—to make your life or your death amount to something, accomplish something, which shall justify and in the best sense realize the romantic aspirations of your childhood. * * * Surely such a man got a better price for his life than if he had enjoyed twenty years more in the world. So that is one way to realize your youthful aspirations—Die or suffer bravely. We all believe "*decere est*"—but till this war came, I couldn't understand what "*dulce*" meant in that line—nor do I now, except partially and at times. Perhaps the war has done many of us good in this way—has taught us to regard ease less and honor and country more, and to realize that "he that loseth his life" for a good cause "shall save it"—*i. e.*, shall have parted with it at its full price, and he shall not have lived in vain,—which I take it is what our ambition and aspiration from boyhood upward really seek. * * * Of course the schoolboy who expects to be in something the greatest of all men, and who only wonders whether it is in philosophy, in oratory or in statesmanship he is to eclipse all the past,—thinks he would never accept such a goal as this; yet I try to think that as we grow older our ambitions become not *lower*, so much as wiser and *deeper*; that we merely learn to look at an absolute standard instead of comparing ourselves with others, and to say to ourselves "well done" as we conquer by hard work each new difficulty which the boy had never foreseen. Perhaps, too, the man expects to be doing solid work all through eternity, and so can better content himself with such slow accomplishment as he may be fitted for, than the boy can, whose plans are limited to those few years. And finally the man may differ from the boy as to the *kind* of work he should be ambitious about. I used to want to triumph at some of the commonly recognized games where athletes measure their strength—such as money-making, speech-making, fighting, ciphering, poetizing, etc., but now I say, why restrict one's self to these hackneyed, conspicuous, measureable kinds of success? Why are they more desirable than the beautiful and beneficent lives of A, B, C and D, who have found and filled just the places in the world which were meant for them and lived and died almost unnoticed, being but single and perfect notes in God's great symphony? What, after all, is grander than this? Mind you, I am telling you what I often *think*, not how I *live*. My *theory* is to find out as accurately as possible what work you individually are made for, and to pursue it steadily and happily, "unhalting and unresting, like the stars."

Unitarianism and Ethical Culture.

CONTRIBUTED BY PROF. OLIVER TO "UNITY" OF MARCH 5, 1891.

The excuse for my own word in this discussion is that I am, as a layman, sincerely and actively identified with both movements, the Unitarian and the Ethical Culture, and believe the two to be neither practically identical nor yet inconsistent with each other, but rather to be complementary; that the work of both is sorely needed in the world. * * *

The one deepest need of the world today is a religion of "deed, not creed"; a religion "conditioned upon no dogmatic test," but only upon the endeavor to "promote Truth, Righteousness, Love" and Aspiration in the world and in ourselves; a "pure Christianity" that shall combine Christ's spirit of devotion to humanity, moral idealism and religious trust with the freest rationalistic thought.

I think I have here used the respective formulæ of Ethical Culture and of Western and Eastern Unitarianism, and have used them as understood by the leaders of those movements. To the W. U. C. formula I have, however, added the word "Aspiration," because it helps to define truly the W. U. C. position, and which if asked for might have gone into the W. U. C. "statement as to fellowship," and is already implied. It does not connote anything as to a Personal Deity, but it does imply that somewhere in the universe are ideals grander, purer, higher than our best, and that toward these we should aspire with the will and with the heart. This, and not any mere dogma as to Theism, is the inspiring central thought in Mrs. Browning's lines:

> "And I smiled to think God's sweetness
> Flows around our incompleteness;
> Round our restlessness, his rest."

Now, as to all this, I think there is no difference between the catholic Ethical Culturist and the catholic Unitarian, unless it be a slight difference of *emphasis*. Both build upon the same foundations: love to man, loyalty to the right, trust in "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," the duty of absolute and earnest free thought, the rejection of all dogmatic bases of fellowship and work. Not so with orthodoxy: in its best form it indeed shares our ethical and perhaps religious ideals, and accepts much of rationalistic method and many results of rationalistic criticism; but until it shall dare to cut itself loose from all dogmatic bases, it cannot do the most needed work for society, and Ethical Culture and Unitarianism will still be requisite. For when the Heavenly Kingdom comes, and comes to stay, it will be not only through a noble and unselfish moral and religious enthusiasm, but also through the guidance of the human conscience and the moulding of human aims and institutions into forms that shall be *scientifically* as well as ethically right; but science tolerates no dogmatism, whether affirmative or negative. She never says, "Begin by admitting this or denying that," but always, "Begin by being absolutely honest, and suspend judgment wherever you are not sure." Indeed, even her best established results are always open to fresh questions, and this is precisely why so much of her work has already reached a degree of certainty where further question would seem to be henceforth impossible. Our own great opportunity as Unitarians and as Ethical Culturists, to do for humanity a constructive work that others cannot do, lies just here: that while we can work in the strength of a religious spirit, we are utterly untrammeled by any shred of creed or of "authority." It is well that Mr. Gould "cannot find any *authoritative declaration*, from Ethical leaders, as to "what is commonly called Religion;" for though doubtless each leader has his own individual opinions here, and probably would not conceal them, or indeed might, *as an individual*, even urge them upon others, yet he has no right to declare them authoritatively as a leader in a movement to which they are irrelevant and whose fundamental testimony is against their introduction.

"Then where is the difference between Unitarianism and Ethical Culture?" I see little or no difference as to their foundations, and yet two great differences as to the ways in which each of the two can do its best work. One difference pertains to their external tasks; the other, to the way in which the workers will strengthen themselves for those tasks and for self-improvement.

1. While Unitarianism has no religious creed, unless a belief in a free, reverent and helpful spirit, and in honest, intellectual methods as applied to religion, may be called a creed; yet these have naturally led it to such a substantial unanimity concerning much else, that it finds itself today changed, not only with an ethical mission, but also with the duty of protesting against whatever, in the popular theology, is opposed to reason and to the simplicity of our trust in God. But Ethical Culture, while also deeply religious in its essential spirit, has nothing whatever to do with theology, nor even with theism. It is not only a distinct protest (as also is Unitarianism) against making any theological confession or denial, fundamental to Ethical work, but it is likewise, unlike Unitarianism, an experiment in the complete separation of the two. It seeks to make men better without meddling with their theology, except as the indirect in-

fluence of all noble ideals may be unfriendly to unworthy superstition.

2. Again, at the regular meetings which, within either organization, must be held for the contemplation and discussion of whatever is most deeply related to ethical work and to spiritual life, shall one of the exercises be prayer? Yes, if the minister and many of the people can sincerely say with Tennyson:

> "Speak to Him, then, for He hears,
> And spirit with spirit can meet;
> Closer is he than breathing, and
> Nearer than hands or feet."

For to those who fully believe this, probably nothing can quite take the place of fervent prayer when uttered in the right spirit and for the best things. No, if to minister or people the prayer be not really "a cry as unto One that hears"; for then it is more honest and more inspiring to replace the prayer by something akin in spirit but addressed directly to the audience. Merely for myself, I should care little which of these two courses were taken; to me the helpfulness would be in the substance of the utterance, not in the way it was addressed. The question whether God really does hear prayer and respond to it in our souls, may still be an open one; but if he does so, then the certainty and value of the response doubtless depends, not upon whether the "uplift of heart" was consciously addressed to Deity, but upon whether it was *worthy* of being so addressed.

So, in other details of their services and work, the average Unitarian society and the average Ethical Culture society might rightly take different courses. Both would found their fellowship and work upon the same principles, and both would seek essentially the same ends in essentially the same spirit; but the average direction of individual tastes and aptitudes and past experiences and opinions as to non-essentials would be different in the two organizations. I say the *average* direction, for individuals holding all shades of sincere religious belief or denial ought to feel at home in both organizations; and this may be especially true of the Ethical, since its direct work, unlike the Unitarian, does not include theological reform. Thus, perhaps we must slightly modify one point in my friend Gannett's very appreciative criticism of the ethical movement of four or five years ago. Said he, "We pray, they do not"; but I think a better statement would be: The average Unitarian *congregation* prays as a *congregation*; the Ethical congregation does not, except in spirit.

Thus the two movements are distinct enough. Neither can quite do the other's peculiar work, and neither can be spared. For the present, at least, may they remain thus separate. May each in its own way bear practical testimony to the supreme importance of lives consecrated to all noble and humane ends in complete intellectual freedom; and may each continue to afford all the great inspiration that comes from sympathetic, united endeavors after whatever is morally and spiritually the best! And as Ethical and Unitarian societies become more numerous, their power of religious helpfulness to each member will tend to increase, if only there be no relic of creed to bar one's way to full and responsible membership in them; for then each earnest soul can unite itself unhindered with such fellow-workers as have with it the most points of sympathy, whatever be their intellectual beliefs,—a thing that is impossible to many a candid man as long as doctrinal confessions, however slight, are made virtual prerequisites.

If true to the mission here described, Unitarianism and Ethicalism can lead a work of immense importance to the world, the work of averting the "moral interregnum." The old foundations of *mere* "authority" in ethics and religion have been forever destroyed, and any well-meant endeavors to conserve them can at best only delay a little the inpending crisis. Meanwhile rapid political and industrial changes are going on, and confronting us more and more with grave social issues that cannot successfully be met, except in a spirit that shall combine the absolute intellectual freedom of science with the absolute self-consecration to love and duty which Christ has exemplified. Where, better than with Unitarians and Ethicalists, can such a spirit be cherished? Who stand more uncommitted than they as to creeds and philosophies? Who are in better position than they to point out those enduring foundations on which the world may continue to build; or, are more distinctly called than they to be the prophets of the coming day?

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Man holds in his brain and his spirit
A power that is God-like, or near it.

Mon.—Whatever time brings me of trouble
Shall turn into good and then double.

Tues.—We get what we give in our measure.

Wed.—Somewhere, someway, and forever,
Reward is the meed of endeavor.

Thurs.—Sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.

Fri.—Through strife the slumbering soul awakes.

Sat.—Know thyself part of the Eternal Source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's force.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Light that is Felt.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"O, mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small, and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Ants and Their Ways.—A man who knows all about ants says that no one has ever seen a quarrel between any two of them that lived in the same nest. If a great many children were put together in one big house, do you think that could be said of them? Some of the ants guard the home, some feed the babies, some make roads and new rooms, while others go out to get food. Each one seems to do its little duty without fuss or fretting.

Once an ant found a big fly that was dead. The ant pulled and pulled at it, but could not carry it off. After twenty minutes of hard work, it went to the nest, and came back with twelve other ants to help it. How did it let them know about the fly?

There are big ants and little ants, white, black, and red ants—a thousand kinds in all. One kind has servants to wait on them and feed them. They have become so lazy that they would rather die than take the trouble to feed themselves. Other ants keep cows! You have often seen these cows, but you did not know they were cows, because they have no horns and long tail. They are the little green bugs that spoil our rose-bushes in the summer. The ants are very fond of their milk, which is what we call honeydew.—K. S. W., in the *Examiner.*

Just on the edge of one of Wisconsin's manufacturing towns stood a group of magnificent elm trees, grand in size and beautifully formed. The improving hand of civilization has cut down all but one to make way for (Oh, Ruskin, lend me your anathemas!) a factory with its clustering box-like cottages. A friend whose childhood had been spent near the town and who had loved the old trees all her life, passed by one day with her little children. "Do you see mother's elm tree?" she said, half unconscious of her expression of possession. The children seized upon it at once. "Why, mamma, I didn't know that was yours. Do you really mean it?" "Yes," she said, "it is mine." "Why, but mamma, do you own the land it's on?" "No." "Did you ever own it?" "No, never." At last a light broke over the face of the eight-year-old girl (usually called a "slow child"). "Mamma," she said quietly, "do you mean you like it and that is why it is yours?" "Yes, my dear, that is just it." And just as a conscious knowledge of what true possession means began to dawn upon these children, so could we bring it to other children did we but "live it with them."

If beautiful objects are merely in an environment and we have the grace to love them, then are they ours in the truest sense of the word.—*The Kindergarten.*

Honest Work.—"Men said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

"Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. The cables were broken like threads. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended *upon this one chain.* What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it,* and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over."—*Exchange.*

Real Children.—A child of two years, fondly caressing her brother of four, saying, "Pretty boy, pretty boy!" suddenly seized his hair and pulled it with great vigor. The little fellow, crying with pain, ran to his mother, and thrusting his head in her lap, said in tremulous tones: "Mother, I don't blame her; she doesn't know any better; but isn't it time that we should begin to teach her?"—M. G. in *Working Women's Journal.*

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Named by the Executive Committee of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies and approved by the Directors of the Unity Publishing Company.

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Business Letters may be addressed to either BLOCH & NEWMAN or UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 1441 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Minnesota State Conference.

The Minnesota Unitarian Conference will meet at St. Cloud from September 17th to 19th. It is hoped that the other state conferences will be planned not to fall upon these dates, nor on the last week of October, which is the time for the National Conference at Washington,—from Oct. 21 to 24.

Wisconsin State Conference.

The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies will probably be held at Madison, September 24 to 26.

Correspondence

How I Spent Our National Holiday.

On the outskirts of this great city lies the little old-fashioned walled-in cemetery Pickus, which contains, among others, the monuments of several ancient noted French families. Through an opening in the wall, which is filled in by an iron grating, a view may be had into another little enclosure surrounded by vine clad walls and shaded by tall trees. Here are buried 1300 victims to a single massacre that took place during the Reign of Terror. But why should an American traveler seek this out-of-the-way spot on the morning of the Fourth of July? Because in a remote corner, almost forgotten by his fellow country-men, is the tomb of Lafayette.

A single slab of gray marble covers the spot where he rests, over which hangs the American flag,—not because it is the Fourth of July, for on 365 days of every year for many, many years the stars and stripes have floated over the sacred ground where sleeps this hero of our American Revolution; and for many years will they continue to float, for a wealthy American gentleman has bequeathed an adequate sum of money for the purpose of keeping *always* a fresh flag over the grave of Lafayette.

A number of American gentlemen in Paris formed themselves into a committee for the arrangement of memorial ceremonies appropriate to be held around the tomb of one whose name is so intimately connected with the history of the independence of our own country. A large floral wreath was placed upon the slab, composed of purple pansies and tea roses, twined among which was a purple ribbon with the following inscription in gold—

Lafayette.
Name ever associated
with Liberty on
two continents.

Mr. Charlton F. Lewis of New York made a brief but enthusiastic address, following the line of thought indicated by the inscription on the wreath, then the little company of patriotic Americans arranged themselves into the form of a crescent about the tomb to have their pictures taken by a member of the company who carried a kodak, after which they dispersed to go their several ways.

ALICE EWING.

Paris, France.

The Study Table

WILD FLOWERS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Ellen Miller and Margaret Christine Whiting. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Large quarto, 622 pp.; $4.50 net.

This is a book that will add immensely to the success of many a vacation spent in New England and to the happiness of many a New England country home, and so many of the flowers which are described have the freedom of spaces much wider than New England that the book addresses itself to a much wider public than that of the New England states. The book unavoidably provokes comparison with Mrs. Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers." It does not name so many varieties as that: 308 against about 450. It contains less concerning the literature, the legends and the superstitions of the various flowers, as if the writers purposely refrained from trenching upon Mrs. Dana's ground. Its great advantage—and it is very great—over Mrs. Dana's book, is that every flower described has its appropriate illustration. The illustrations have all been drawn by the writers of the text, and admirably drawn; best, perhaps, now and then, when the artistic impulse has triumphed over the purpose of mere illustration. The colored frontispiece wakens a strong desire that all the pictures might be colored; but that, of course, would add very much to the cost of the book, which, as it is, is so considerable that for the extension of its usefulness it is greatly to be hoped that an edition may be made in the future on much smaller paper. This would destroy the present advantage of life-size portraiture, but it would have its compensations. The book could be carried afield in the satchel or the pocket, whereas now the specimens must be taken home. The descriptions of the flowers are clear and concise with only such use of technical terms as may be readily mastered with a botany or dictionary. Whatever is specially interesting in the structure or habit of the flower receives some attention. Take it altogether the book is so admirable that it deserves a place in every summer-home. Even the all-engrossing bicycle might profitably yield to a few minutes every day. C.

SELECT DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS. From the works of William Ellery Channing. Edited by W. Copeland Bowie. Printed by Philip Green, London.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, in writing recently respecting the training of journalists, commended the writings of Dr. Channing very highly, not only for style but for thought. And in this connection it is interesting to note the efforts that are being made in England to popularize the works of this great divine. The most recent effort in this line is a small and beautiful volume of "Select Discourses," prepared by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, one of the most active and capable of the Unitarian ministers of Great Britain. The writings here printed have been chosen with good judgment for their great practical value and permanent spirituality. Mr. Bowie prefixes a brief but admirable biographical sketch of Dr. Channing written by himself. Its convenient size (420 pp.), low price (two and a half shillings), and its great intrinsic worth, ought to give it a wide sale, and wherever read it will help to bring in the kingdom of heaven. J. H. C.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE. By Wm. Potts. New York: Macmillan and Co. 75 cts.

Mr. Potts loves his hillside and makes us love it. His book winds along the year in little chapters of life and thought from the golden-rods and asters of one October to those of the next. With due reserve he takes us into his confidence, telling us how his house built itself of lichened rocks, how the well sought as desperately for its water as Columbus for his land, how the new roosters waged their Trojan wars, how the flower-tribes arrived like punctual gypsies in the woody nooks—while from each and all these outward things as roots thoughts grew within him. These inner growths branch far and wide through nature and life and death and memories and poem-verses. There is a reverent and tender chapter about his "Chief," George William Curtis,—for Mr. Potts is the one who has long been the fighting secretary of the Civil Service League. This nest-building on the hillside is just the country-freshening of a city reformer's life. Here in the clean, wide silence the poet and preacher elements in him crop out. It is not a great book, but in several ways a pleasant one. The reader understands very well that sad things as well as glad things have gone to make it possible, and as he reads he feels quietly happy and a little envious of the writer's eyes and heart. W. C. G.

TALMUDIC SAYINGS selected and arranged under appropriate heads by Rev. Henry Cohen. Cincinnati and Chicago: The Bloch Pub. & Print. Co. Pp. 94-xii. Card board, 35 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

These six hundred short sayings from the Talmud, arranged under some eighty-four heads, are designed to give to one who is not a student of Rabbinical literature a general notion of the thought of the Talmud, and some conception of old Jewish ethics. The writer of this notice is one of those uninitiated for whom the book is intended, and of course is unable to say how far it is truly representative of the great body of Talmudic writings. So far as it goes, it shows a high ethical spirit, but it is closer to Christianity than we were prepared to expect. This is es-

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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pecially evident in the utterances on immortality, which is as positively taught in some of these passages as it is anywhere. Not many, perhaps, are aware that *Vox populi, vox Dei*, is a Jewish doctrine, yet here we have it laid down that "the voice of the people is as the voice of God." The teaching under the heads of Commerce, Usury, Conduct, etc., should be read by those who have been disposed to slander Israel as a people whose virtuous dealings were confined to their own members. It is true that the Bible itself does afford some basis for the charge of particularism against the Jews. But in this respect the Talmud is an improvement upon the older Jewish thought, and carefully prohibits unfair and ungenerous treatment of Gentile as well as Jew. The work is of course too brief to represent adequately the vast repository of wisdom and casuistry which goes under the name of the Talmud, and it is doubtless designed to show only the best side of the Talmudic lore; but as a collection of wise and noble sayings, it is admirable. F. W. S.

CHAPTERS IN WORKSHOP RECONSTRUCTION AND CITIZENSHIP, by C. R. Ashbee, A. M., is the most recent publication in the political economy series of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass. As the title suggests, the volume in question is a practical thesis on the application of technical art education to skilled labor in the workshops. The author's ideas are far reaching; they apply not so much to the immediate personal benefit of the artisan as to the national value of art education applied to skilled handicraft.

THE publication of "The Vailima Letters" by Stone & Kimball the middle of October next is a most important event for all lovers of literature. During the years of life in Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson kept a sort of journal in the letters which he wrote to Sidney Colvin, and these letters collected form a most remarkable autobiography. His every day life and its personal relations, the methods of his work and his feelings about it, all these are drawn as only Stevenson could have done it. At the same time it is a pleasure to feel that although the letters are said to be very intimate in tone, Stevenson intended they should be printed and that we need not expect any indelicate revelations of things too personal to be given to the public.

THOSE who associate William Sharp's name with that gloomy though powerful book "Vistas" will be surprised to know that he is now talked of as the author of a new novel whose sheer cleverness and wit will make it a greater literary and popular success than "Dodo" was. But the book Mr. Sharp wrote with Blanche Willis Howard called "A Fellowe and his Wife" suggests that there is no further need of proof of his versatility.

CURRENT HISTORY, a little over five years ago, entered upon a field until then unoccupied, aiming to supplement all other reading matter by furnishing quarterly a concise and systematic, yet at the same time readable and attractive, summary of all current affairs of importance. It has continued to be in every sense a high-class, timely, and useful publication—which qualities have been brought to the greatest perfection attainable as the result of experience. Its reputation for reliability of statement and freedom from offensive bias of every kind is deserved. In its treatment of affairs the due proportions of events are maintained, their relations to one another are clearly depicted, and the causes and significance of important movements are portrayed—the whole being characterized by remarkable editorial impartiality. We advise

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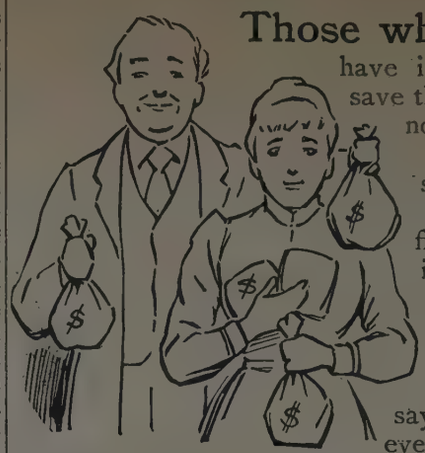
The Magazines.

THE MONIST for the present quarter is a very interesting number to the sociologist, the biologist and the philosopher, and is of especial worth to the psychologist. Besides valuable reviews, some of considerable length, it contains: "The Theory of Evolution and Social Progress," by Prof. Joseph Le Conte; "Materialism Untenable," by Prof. A. E. Dolbear; "The Unseen Universe," by Sir Robert Stowell Ball; "The Present Problems of Organic Evolution," by Prof. E. D. Cope; "The Science of Mentation," by Elmer Gates; a forty-page article by the editor on "The Metaphysical *X* in Cognition"; literary correspondence, of special interest to the sociologist, from M. Lucien Arréat; and a letter in defense of his Key to the Riddle of the Universe by E. Douglas Fawcett, and one "In Defense of True Music" by Emilia Digby. We do not know when we have seen a richer number of any magazine. THE NEW UNITY will not attempt to characterize any of the leading papers, but will content itself with commending the delimitation of philosophy contained in Dr. Carus's article, and calling the attention of the sociologist to Prof. Le Conte's and Mr. Gates's insistence upon the supreme importance of the "psychic factor" in progress.

"'O, will he paint me the way I want,
As bonnie as a girlie,
Or will he paint me an ugly tyke,
And be d——d to Mr. Nerli.'
But still and on and which ever it is,
He is a canty Kerlie.
The Lord protect the back and neck
Of honest Mr. Nerli."

This, one of the last verses ever written by Robert Louis Stevenson, is in reference to the portrait of himself, which is given to the public with his verse for the first time in the July *Cosmopolitan*. The lines might have come from the pen of Burns, and are inimitable in their way. The portrait was declared by Stevenson himself to be the best ever painted of him. In this same number of the *Cosmopolitan* Rudyard Kipling tells an Indian story, to which Remington adds charming illustrations; Mrs. Burton Harrison makes a serious study of New York society in "The Myth of the Four Hundred," and Kate Douglas Wiggin contributes a story of one of the most delightful of Welsh retreats. *The Cosmopolitan* was with this number reduced to ten cents per copy, and as a conse-



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CAUSE AND EFFECT. By Ellinor Meiron. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 291 pp.; 75 cents.

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"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."
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"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Religion in the United States.

The Associated Press gives the census report covering the statistics of churches which contains some interesting information. The report has just been published in an elaborate work of more than eight hundred pages, with colored maps showing the extent of the various organized religious bodies in the states. There are one hundred and forty-three distinct denominations in the United States, besides independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total of communicants of all denominations is 20,612,806, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations. These congregations have 142,521 edifices, which have sittings for 43,564,863 persons. The value of all church property used exclusively for purposes of worship is $679,630,139. There are 111,036 regular ministers, not including lay preachers. There are five bodies which have more than 1,000,000 communicants, and ten more than 500,000. The leading denominations have communicants in round numbers as follows: Catholic, 6,250,000 (includes entire baptized population); Methodist, 4,600,000; Baptist, 3,725,000; Presbyterian, 1,280,332; Lutheran, 1,230,000. A study of the details of the statistics develops some apparently strange results. Out of a total of 130,000 Jewish communicants, the Reform exceed the Orthodox by 15,000. There are 13,500 Russian Orthodox and 10,850

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In Lisbon.

I saw few very miserable people; beggars were not at all numerous; in a week I was only asked twice for alms. One constantly hears that Lisbon is dirty and as full of foul odors as Coleridge's Cologne. I did not find it so, and the bright sunshine and the fine color of the houses might well compensate for some drawbacks. The houses of this regular town are white and pale yellow and fine worn-out pink, with narrow green-painted verandas, which soon lose crudeness in the intense light.

The windows of the larger blocks are numerous and set in long, regular lines; the streets, if narrow, run into open squares blazing with white, unsoiled monuments. All day long the ways are full of people, who are fairly but unostentatiously polite. They do not stare one out of countenance, however one may be dressed. In Antwerp a man who objects to being wondered at may not wear a light suit. Lisbon is more cosmopolitan.

But the beauty of the town of Lisbon is not added to by the beauty of its inhabitants. The women are curiously the reverse of lovely. Only occasionally I saw a face which was attractive by the odd conjuncture of an olive skin and light gray eyes. They do not wear mantillas. The lower classes use a shawl. Those who are of the *bourgeois* class or above it differ little from Londoners. The working or loafing men—for they laugh and loaf and work and chaff and chatter at every corner—are more distinct in costume, wearing the flat felt *sombrero* with turned-up edges that one knows from pictures, while the long coat which has displaced the cloak still retains a smack of it in the way they disregard the sleeves and hang it from their shoulders. These men are decidedly not so ugly as the women, and vary wonderfully in size, color, and complexion, though a big Portuguese is a rarity. The strong point in both sexes is their natural gift for wearing color and for choosing and blending or matching tints.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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Judging a Man by the Books he Reads.

THERE is a good old saw about judging a man by the company he keeps, and as saws go it is pretty sound doctrine. Judge a man if you will by his companions, taking due notice as to how far he gives himself up to them, and how much they mean to him; for of course there are men and men, and some men catch the tone of their associates and others give tone to them. Books are companions to many of us, men and women, but if you undertake to judge us by the books we read you will have occasion to use your best discretion. People take their books so differently. Some of us do not exercise our minds enough in our daily toil, and we like when we read books substantial enough to sharpen our faculties. Others of us come home with tired wits and want easy books that will rest and amuse us. Two people may read the same novel with equal pleasure, yet if one reads it after breakfast and the other after dinner, the fact that it amused them does not tell the same story about the quality of their minds. If the book which you read when you are tired is strong enough food for my mind when its energies are fresh, it must mean that your mind and my mind lack a good deal of being mates.

And besides, there are people to whom it comes natural to read, and there are others, even in these days of newspapers and schools, to whom reading comes hard. I have seen, as most of us have, so many thoroughly worthless persons who were great readers, that when I meet a thoroughly worthy and intelligent person who doesn't read, it fills me with admiration and respect. I do meet such persons now and then. They are apt to be quick and accurate observers, good talkers, people of action. Of course they do read a little something every day, the newspaper, if nothing more, but reading is not a necessity to them. They don't count on it as an amusement or depend upon it as an exercise of the mind. To the habitual reader, reading becomes as necessary as alcohol to the dram-drinker. It doesn't seem to make any violent amount of difference what he reads, but he must sit in a chair a certain length of time every day and rest his eyes and his mind on a printed page. You can no more judge such a person by the book-company he keeps than you can judge a lunatic by the qualities of his keepers. His reading is habit. It never turns to energy; never influences action. He sleeps better after it; that is all.—The Point of View, in August *Scribner's.*

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The Sociological Function of the Professions.

The defense of life, the regulation of life, and the sustentation of life, having been achieved, what further general function is there? There is the augmentation of life; and this function it is which the professions in general subserve. It is obvious that the medical man who removes pains, sets broken bones, cures diseases, and wards off premature death, increases the amount of life. Musical composers and performers, as well as professors of music and dancing, are agents who exalt the emotions and so increase life. The poet, epic, lyric or dramatic, along with the actor, severally in their respective ways yield pleasurable feelings and so increase life. The historian and the man of letters, to some extent by the guidance they furnish, but to a larger extent by the interest which their facts and fictions create, raise men's mental states and so increase life. Though we cannot say of the lawyer that he does the like in a direct way, yet by aiding the citizen to resist aggressions he furthers his sustentation and thereby increases life. The multitudinous processes and appliances which the man of science makes possible, as well as the innumerable intellectual interests he arouses and the general illumination he yields, increase life. The teacher, alike by information given and by discipline enforced, enables his pupils more effectually to carry on this or that occupation and obtain better subsistence than they would else do, at the same time that he opens the doors to various special gratifications: in both ways increasing life. Once more, those who carry on the plastic arts—the painter, the sculptor, the architect—excite by their products pleasurable perceptions and emotions of the æsthetic class, and thus increase life.—*From Professional Institutions, by* HERBERT SPENCER, *in the Popular Science Monthly for May.*

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Kafir Jews.

The *Cape Times* says: A very interesting field for research for ethnologists is opened by a statement with reference to some of the inhabitants of the Low Country. It is mentioned as a piece of information not generally known that there are two or three small tribes of Kafir Jews dwelling under the Chief Magato. These people have the complexion and hair of the ordinary Kafir, but are distinguished by a very decided Semitic cast of countenance, and they preserve most of the Jewish rites and ceremonies. They are described as a most industrious people who keep themselves isolated from the neighboring tribes, and who never leave the country, though a love of the soil is anything but a characteristic of the Jew as he has emerged from the centuries of persecution. The Hebrews who took possession of the land flowing with milk and honey, however, were a pastoral and agricultural people; and these alleged Kafir representatives of the race exhibit, therefore, the original type.

ACCURATE hearing is even a rarer attainment than accurate speaking. The element of self enters into our hearing, and shapes or colors that to which we listen. If we are prejudiced for or against a speaker, we are likely to impart, unconsciously and without intention, the tinge of our prejudice into his words and tone as he expresses himself in our hearing. It is difficult for us to catch a speaker's spirit, or to receive the form of his words, when he is wholly unlike ourselves, or when we are more strongly prepossessed in his favor than the ordinary hearer. This it is that accounts for much misrepresentation of the speech of others. There may be no intention of falsehood when a hearer declares that a minister said in a sermon what the minister never said or thought. If we cannot be accurate hearers ourselves, we can at least bear in mind the truth that others are as liable as we are to report statements that were never made, when we are surprised at what a hearer says he heard a minister say in his pulpit in a different spirit or line of thought from what we supposed was his.—*S. S. Times.*

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

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